JOHN MORLEY,

ESSAYS ON THE REVOLUTION. CRITICAL MISCELLANIES. By JOHN MORLEY. Vois. I and II. Globe Svo. pp. xiv., 347; x., 338. Macmillan & Co.

The handsome edition of John Morley's writings—a publication of such mechanical excellence that even a collector who did not care for John Morley might be tempted to buy it for the sake of its beauty—is to emigrace three volumes of essays, principally from "The Fortnightly Review"; and two of them are now before us. They include some of the most acute and brilliant essay writing which has dis-Formightly Review', and two of the most now before us. They include some of the most acute and brilliant essay writing which has distinguished the recent periodical literature of England. If we were asked for an illustration of the most effective criticism of the present time in that country where creative industry seems to have given way for a while to the discussion and classification of the works of an earlier generation, we should point to John Morley as, possibly not the ablest nor the best equipped, but upon the whole the most truly representative or a class of writers to whom the lingher English reviews of the last fifteen ingher English reviews of the last lifteen years owe a strength and vivacity narely surpassed in journalism, as well as a character quite distinct from that of their predecessors. guite distinct from that of their predecessors. Mr. Modely has far less of the purely literary spirit than Matthew Arnold; and in the combination of a rich and varied scholarship, a sure taste, a poetical intaition and the culture, with and broad outlook of an accomplished man of the world, he is not to be compared with our own Lowell. He is an excellent type of the new criticism which considers books and men, not primarily for what they are alone and in themselves, but in their relations to "movements" and schools of contemporary thought not primarily for what themselves, but in their relations to "move-themselves, but in their relations to "move-ments," and schools of contemporary thought and the immediate problems of society, philasophy and religion. Historical and literary subjects interest a writer of this class in preportion to their pertinency to the questions of the day, that availableness for newspaper purposes which a French journalist would call actualité. This method of criticism suggests a broad outlook and a philosophical habin of generalizing, but in point of fact it is adopted by many partitioners who posses neither of of generalizing, but in point of fact it is adopted by many peactitioners who possess neither of those valuable qualifications. To study a subject only in its bearings upon the march of ideas and the progress of the human race is often to treat it with a narrow and prejudiced mind,—in literature to overlook the enduring beauty of art and nobility of thought which keep the works of genius fresh through all changes of circumstance, and in history to neg-lect the influence of personal character in

keep the works of genius fresh through an changes of circumstance, and in history to neglect the influence of personal character in modifying the action of impersonal causes. Man then appears no longer as an intelligent force, but as the helpless victim of some inexorable external law of social evolution. We lose halt the lessons of history and half the chains of art by looking too far abroad.

Mr. Morley is not free from the tendency to arbitrary violence in the effort to square his judgments of individual men and actions by Proceeding theories of the universe; but we must remember that the e-says included in these volumes have a special pertinence to a certain set of problems. Their general subject is the movement of revolt, intellectual, political and religious, which we call the Revolution. The casays on Robespierre, Turgot, Vauvenargues, Condorcet, are studies of the great upheaval in France; a chapter on Joseph De Mai-tre and the Catholic Reaction is a review of its sequel; Byron, Carlyle and Emerson are of its sequel; Byron, Carlyle and Emerson are representatives of the Revolution in its literary of its sequel; Byron, Carlyle and Emerson are representatives of the Revolution in its literary manifestation; and Macaulay is taken as an example of the disastrous consequences of ignoring the Revolutionary spirit. "If we think," says Mr. Morley, "what a changed sense is already given to criticism, what a different conception now presides over history, how many problems on which Macaulay was silent are now the familiar puzzles of even superficial readers, we cannot help feeling that the eminent man whose life we are all about to read is the hero of a past which is already remote, and that he did little to make men better fitted to face a present of which, close as it was to him, be seens hardly to have dreamed." This closing sentence gives the key in which the whole essay is composed. The papers on Macaulay and Emerson, however, afford many admirable discussion which is Mr. Morley's whenever he chooses to employ it. The Emerson essay opens with a beautiful little narrative of the American philosopher's life, simple, sympathetical abstract ought to be; and the statem at of Mr. Emerson's principles and methods, although not exhaustive, is precise and clear. The comparison between Emerson and Carlyle is a fine example of vigorous thought and choice expression: thought and choice expression:

In wit, humor, pathos, penetration, poetle grandens and fervid sublimity of imagination. Carlyle is the uperior beyond measure. But Emerson is as much his uperior in that high and transparent sanity, which is

Into torrents of words to hade a shahow and obsolete lesson.

The same essay sparkles with the epigtammatic turns to which Mr. Morley's style owes much of its brillioney. "When people say that Emerson's style must be good and adantable," he remarks, "because it fits his thought, they forget that though it is well that a robe should fit, there is still something to be said about its cut and fashion." Of Emerson's indicators he says: "Inferior writers have copied the tenes of the oracle without first making sure of the inspiration. They forget that a platitude is not turned into a profundity by being dressed up as a conundrum." That that a platitude is not turned into a promining by being dressed up as a conundrum." That is a telling stroke: it is a pity that the author impairs the effect by prolonging the idea through a number of phrases which are not so good. Speaking of Carlyle's summens to us "to trim the lump of endeavor at the shrine of herois chiefs of mankind," he says: "In that house there is no mankind, the busterous sunctchiefs of mankind," he says: "In that house there are many mansions, the boisterons sanctuary of a vagabond polytheim." The essay on Byron abounds with epigrammatic phrases and pointed comparisons which convey a sound and striking critical opinion. "How much fine color and freshness of feeling there is in 'Rene,' what a sense of air and space in 'Paul and Virginia,' and what must they have been to a generation that has instrument. been to a generation that has just emergen the close parlors of Richardson? those last words we have a perfect character-lation of a whole school of sentimentalists; Here are a few sentences which are very near

There are some writers whose words but balf express There are some writers whose words but half express
the indefinable thoughts that inspired them, and to
whom we have to surrender our whole minds with a
peculiar loyalty and fulness, ind-pendent of the lette
and printed phrase. If we would liquely the frozen
speech and recover some portion of its imprisoned
essence. This is seldom a necessity with Byron. His
words tell us all that he means to say, and do not merely
hint or succest. The matter with which he deals is
gleantle, and he paints with violent colors and sweeping
puncil.

Yet he is free from that declamation with which son

Of the spirit of universal complaint which rings through Byron's verse, Mr. Morley writes . It was this complaint that lay deep at the bottom of the Revolution, and took form in every possible kind of protest, from a dislevelled neckeloth up to a profession of atheism. Byron elaborated the common emotion, as the earliest modern poets elaborated the common speech. He gave it inflections and distinguished its moods, and three over it an air of system and coherency, had a certain goodly and far-reaching sonorouses.

So far Mr. Morley is only on the outskirts of So far Mr. Mortey is only on the outskirts of the disturbance: in the French essays he develops the views and sympathies which the other papers only occasionally indicate. We do not think that we exaggerate the case when we say that his chief animating idea is animos-ity toward Christianity. Probably the charge of animosity would surprise him very much. He would point to the fact that he has acknowledged many times the benefit which society has received from the Christian Church in the past, and that his sentiment is one of philos s received from the Christian Charen in the strength of the st the world has ou own supernaturalism it does not occur to him to doubt. He is full of the haughty assurance of his sect that belief of the haughty assurance of his sect that belief in a God, the creator, preserver, ruler and judge,

is a weakness of childhood, which no rational unind entertains any longer. It has ceased to be a matter of argument. Science has refuted, history has explained it; and enlightened men simply take no further interest in it. This is the opinion which Mr. Morley professes; but in reality, as we have said, his sentiment toward Christianity is not contemptations indifference but a highly polemical anger. "To-day," he declares, "the failure of Christianity is too patent." He hardly lets slip an opportunity for side thrusts or direct attack upon "the gracious or terrible gods of antique or middle times," "the inexplicable caprice of Makers who are also Destroyers," "the intrinsically meaningless and purposeless volitions" which enter into the Christian idea of Divine Providence, "The religion which Europe accepted," he declares, "in the time of its deepest corruption and depravation retained the mark of its dismal origin nowhere so strongly as in the distorted prominence which it gave in the minds of its votaries to the dissolution of the body. It was one of the first conditions of the Revival of Reason that the dreary memento mori and its hateful emblems should be deliberately effaced." Revived reason, he thinks, has discarded the notion of a future life, and we are happier as well as wiser for bounding our outlook by the present world. life, and we are happier as well as wiser for bounding our outlook by the present world. Chaumette "showed the natural effect of aban-doning belief in another life by his energetic beunding our outlook by the present world. Chaumette "showed the natural effect of abandening belief in another life by his energette arrangements for improving the lot of man in this life." It surely needs but little acquaintance with the "arrangements for improving the lot of man in this life "which have been effected under the impulse of Christian faith to feel the enormous falsity of this assumption of the natural effect of infidelity. The natural effect of disbelief in a future life is not to make the unbeliever solicitous for the happiness of other men, but selushly indulgent to his own passions. Still more anonstrous is the misstatement—we cannot call it an exaggeration—with which the following passage begins: "The Christianity of the East was probably as degraded a form of belief, as lowering for human character and as mischievous to social well-being, as has ever been held by civilized needles. Yet the East, strangely enough, was the great home and nursery of all that is most distinctive in the constituent ideas of the Christian faith." Mr. Morley's notion of a degraded form of belief is undonbtedly different from ours. In speaking of the disorders of the Revolution he is continually bidding us remember the crienes of Christian churches. "The first political demonstration of athetsm was attended by some of the excesses, the follies, the extravagance that stained the growth of Christianity." "The fault of the atheists is that they knew no better than to borrow the maxims of the churchmen" "The scene at the Cordeliers for a time became as frantic as a Council of the carly Church settling the true composition of the Holy Trinity." Now in all this, though it may not be pertinent to the subject, there is a good deal of turb. But Mr. Morley assures us, in the same breath, that "is torical recriminations are not very edifying!" and that the tu onome argument only "brings us down to the level of the poor sectures whom it crushes." Quite right: yeigsting down to that level appears to be a daulectical indulerenc

ine." and that the in anome argiment only "brings us down to the level of the poor secturies whom it crushes." Quite right; yet getting down to that level appears to be a dialectical indulcence which he is unable to deny himself. Here perhaps we detect the influence of Mr. Morley's long experience in political contentions; and it is the partisan delater rather than the philosopher who gives us the following brutal passage, as needlessly offensive in tone as it is untrue in matter; "As a reaction against religious theories which make humanity over-abound in self-consequence, and fill individuals with the strutting importance of creatures with private souls to save or lose, even such cynicism as Byron's was wholesome and nearly forgivable."

One is tempted to suspect that the essay on Turgot was composed principelly for the seke of the reply to Turgot's vonthfel dissertation muon "The Advantages that the Establishment of Christianity has conferred moon the Human Race." Such a suspicion, however, would be unfair. Mr. Morley declares that Turgot's respect was not of high value, bet it has at least a biographical innectance. A are chiefly interested in one of Mr. Morley's arguments against Christianity which we present in his own we ds:

We have to draw a distraction between the Christian beautiful to the content of the christian of christian of the matter of the christian decay and the outward Christian of the christian of the matter of the christian of the matter of the christian of the matter of the christian of the christian of the matter of the christian of the christian of the christian of the matter of the christian of the matter of the christian of the christian of the matter of the christian of the christian of the matter of the chri

we have to draw a distinction between the Christian dea and the oniveral Christian organization, and between the consequences to homan nature which flowed from the first and the advantages which may be traced to the second. There was on the one hand adorting altring dirum at spiritual instincts, and satisfication, press vincing the property of the other an external metic.

That is to say, the world was beneficed not by the abstract idea of Christianity but by the application of it. We may admit that with an easy mind. We may apply the same distinction to a great many other ideas. The Christian idea, which was not succeedy a theological doctrine but a rule of life and a high new

Anglicanism, liberal Protestantism, and all the rest, we must bear in mind that his theory of morals is entirely independent of everything like religious obligation, and we are sometimes in doubt how far it is connected with personal ethics. "The essence of morality," he says, "is the subjunction of nature in obedience to social needs." This imperfect view explains how it is that he refers to Danton as "a good man," albeit "an imperfectly good man," It explains an extremely disagreeable passage on the domestic sentiment in the essay on Byron, a sentiment which according to the context. the domestic sentiment in the essay on Byron, a sentiment which, according to Mr. Morley, "can be worthy only in the light of the idea of a country and a public cause."

There is probably no uglier growth of time than that There is probably no ugller growth of time than that been and poor form of domesticity, which has always been too apt to faschate the English imagination, ever since the last great effort of the hebelion, and which reset to the climax of its popularity when theorie. It won all hearts by living like a farner. Instead of the fierce light beating about a throne, it played lambently upon a sts. And the nation who admired, imitated. When the Regent came, and with him that co rec profligacy which has a ternated with cloudy insipolity in the annals of the line, the honest part of the world, out of antipathy to the son, was driven even further into domestic sentimentality of a greasy kind, than it had gone from allection for the sire.

This not only grates upon our sensibilities but merely as a piece of literary art it shows a coauseness to which Mr. Morley seldom conde-scends. If morals are to be accommodated to the public convenience we must revise a great many historical estimates of famous men.
Mr. Morley cares very little about
questions of vice or virtue. We
need only consider character; and
"character is much else besides being virtuous or victous. In many of the characters in thous or vicious. In many of the characters in which some of the finest and most singular qualities of humanity would seem to have reached their furthest height, their mornity characters in the control of the characters in the c was the side least worth discussing." Char-acter, if we understand him, is the habitual in-stinctive tendency toward good or evil im-pulses, motives, actions, which nature has fixed in man at his birth. "Sybils and prophets have already spoken their inexorable decree, as Goethe has said, on the day that first gives the man to the world: no time and no might can break the stamped mould of his charac-ter." "To run risks for chivalry's sake was

not in Robesplerre's nature, and no man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character." We cannot mould our own characters; we can no more train ourselves to the habit of virtue than a tiger can train itself to prefer a vegetable diet. We can only contribute our mite to the great evolution of social forces which will ultimately remove evil and darkness by removing their causes. "The miracle of free will" is a delusion in which "sensible people" do not believe. We need hardly say that Mr. Morley is not a consistent teacher of his own principles. Nobody could write history without free uent lapses from such extreme applications of the doctrine of social evolution; nobody could preach the Revolution without admitting the miracle of free-will. We believe that we have quoted Mr. Morley fairly; and yet it would be easy to quote other passages from these volumes which practically contradict the notion of man's perpetual subjection to the habits fixed upon him at birth. That only proves that Mr. Morley's conception of life is not a good working theory. conception of life is not a good working theory. The study of Robespierre contains some brilliant appreciations of character, and acute analyses of motive. The key to his conduct is that he was, in all the excesses of the Terror, an accomplice after the fact, a pedant afraid of being left behind. The story of his final contest. complice after the fact, a pedant afraid of being left behind. The story of his final contest with the convention is a splendid piece of narration of which any historian might be proud. And yet it must be added that, as a whole, this paper, the most elaborate and important in the two volumes, suffers from an undue suppression of the personal element. When men are considered only as soulless links in a stupendous chain of inexorable phenomena, the attempt to exhibit them for us is made under serious disadvantages. The sketch of the Revolution is advantages but the lineaments of Robespierre are a little vague. are a little vague.

BITS OF CRITICISM.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—If the reader is of the modern cutier-and-cup-of-coffee school of feeding, he will no doubt "not the "Noctes" most grossly and publy glutionous. If he be a very superior person he will smile at the urholstery. If he objects to horse-winy he will be horrified at finding the characters on one ocasion engaging in a regular "mill," on more than one corking each other's faces during slumber, sometimes leaying at pyramids like the bounding brothers of acrobatic fame, at others indulging in leap-frog with the servants, permitting the aneelves practical jokes of all klods, affecting to be drawned by an explosive hards and so forth. Every new and then he will come to a passage at which, without being superfine at all, he may find his corge rise; though there is nothing quite so bad in the "Noctes" as the picture of the tavens enting a dead quarker in the "Recreations," a picture for which Wilson offers a very large detence elsewhere. He must put all sorts of prejudice, literary, political and other, in his pocket. He must be prepared not only for constant and very scurrilous flines at "Cockneys" wilson extends the term far beyond the Hunt and Haalitt school, an extension which to this day seems to give a strange deight to Edmburgh bournalists), but for the wildest neterodoxies and inconsistencies of political, literary and miscedianeous judgment, for mach bastard verse-proce, 'or a good many quite uninteresting local and ephenoral allusions, and, of course, for any quantity of sected dialect. If all these allowances and provisos are too many for him to make, it is probably useless for him to attemnt the "Noctes" at all.—[George Saintsbury ir Macmillars Nagazine.

REALISM, NOT IDEALISM ON THE STAGE.—

REALISM, NOT IDEALISM ON THE STAGE,-REALISM, NOT IDEALISM ON THE STAGE.—
The drama, as produced in a theatre, is realist, not idealist. It note immensely to the realism of the situation, but rather detracts from than adds to, the depth of any true positions the netual flesh and blood, in making us think that the drama depicted really took place. But he does not often, even at his best, give life to the truest positive positive positive positive in the drama depicted really took place. But he does not often, even at his best, give life to the truest posity of the play the only inspires us with the belief that such poetry is not wholly irreconcilable with the conditions of "such beings as we are, in such a world as the present."—[The Speciator.

UNWHOLESOME FICTION. — There never was a more unwholesome idea than that every human passion is to be written about. There are many things which cannot be written about without dotag almost unmitteated mismischief. It is not the moral put in at the tag-end of the book, and waich nobody reads, which shows its moral tendency. It is not only the way in which a subject is handled which does harm or good. It is the subject is handled which does harm or good. It is the subject is handled which does harm or good. It is the subject is handled which does harm or good. It is the subject is handled which does harm or good it is the subject in the subject is handled which does harm or good it is the subject in the subject is the drawn in a subject to the subject in the subject is the drawn in a stenting elsewhere. It must be educed to something better. When the circulating infrares made their process has year against the secaled resisting school of novel they were not only acting in perfect accord with the vast anjority of their subjectible.

Dox Grovanni.--It is not a sufficient reason the section.

It is of running meets; on the other an external obstication, preserving, interpreting, deviceping and applying the doctrine.

If the idea was the direct gain of the section of these forms and their indistories investigation of these forms and their indistories investigation of these forms and their indistories investigation of the section of the sec

by the abstract likes of Christianity but by the spine distribution of a great many other ideas. The control of a great many other ideas of the spine of the analyst of the decirity of the decirity of human relations, was revealed to the world for the use of men of argeds, and that use of course men could only employ human—or as Mr. Morley Just "rational and—or as Mr. Morley Just "rational and the principle which sets it in motion. Mr. Morley is altogether too neutral a reassoner to teast solvious a conclusion. The trouble is that looks upon progress as an adain almost entirely of "social arrangements," beside which the spiritual advancement of the individual, or or little; how should it count, indeed, if there is no future life? Hence, in the passage we have cited after treating the Christian idea as a purely candional impole, not a code of dutie, and the Christian organization as a device for applying the idea, he jumps to the statement." This leap over centuries covers his principle fallney. All that Christianity effects and manufacture of charity, and brotherhood, and marginal and an another-wit of the great eccle-lastical states under the region of the individual soul, all that it taught of charity, and brotherhood and processing the control of the individual soul, all that it taught of charity, and brotherhood, and unselfishness, all the herosom of marryrs and the beautiful lives of saints, benefited civilization to at all the region of the individual soul, all that it taught of charity, and brotherhood, and processing the civilization of special special control of society.

To understand Mr. Morley's feeling toward Christianity, or let us say toward every kind of special and processing and mornalise in the social has some private lives it extends to the second process of the population, and we are sometican of special and supple

MR. TUPPER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY .- Though he MR. TUPPER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—Though he admits that Mr. Holloway has erected a palatial institute out of obtained, and though "he knows a splenild church at Eastbourne built wholly of pills," and though he affirms that it was only by incessant trumpeling of their virtues that those pills and that olintment acquired their world-wide fame. Mr. Tupper professes to despise the modern craze for advertising, and wonders how folks can be weak chough to be led into buying goods of any kind "merely by dunt of retiretation." O. Mr. Tupper, Mr. Tupper, O! What is this pleasant book you have given us but one long deligntful advertisement of wares of which you conquently vouch the super-excellence the with not censure the inconsistency of your professions with your sevential to be a super-excellence of the profession of the profession of the profession of the profession with your professions and become appared to your factors, which for simple-minded self-complicency, kindiy optimism and unconscious namor will be, to quote the title of a recent novel, "hard to beat."—[The Saturday Review.

PAUL HAYNE'S ODD WAYS.

From The Chicago News.

He had no neighbors save here and there a veritable Georgia cracker, litherate but kind of heart, and a few hands at a sawmill, which my brother operated down at the foot of the bill. He wanted no neighbors, though when one of the uncount residents would stron by his home hunting for a bee tree he was sure to be stopped by Mr. Hayne and a friendly chat caused. He knew nothing of the practical adarts of life. To illustrate: One day my brother found him working in his little garden. Knewing the sterility of the patch my brother found him working in his little garden. Knewing the sterility of the patch my brother suggested to Mr. Hayne that it would be a good thing if he would send down to the sawmill and get some of the muck which had accumulated against a pile of slabs and spread it over the garden. Mr. Hayne politely thanked my brother for the donation and said he would send down for the muck at once. He did so, but the mill hands filled the air with laughter when they saw a diminutive negro boy shuffling slong with a peck measure in which to get the needed muck. There were many other equally as indicrous illustrations of this lack of practical common sense daily displayed. It was even said that he could not tell a freignt train from a passenger train, and that he frequently would rush down to the little platform to board freight trains which never stopped there, thinking they were passenger trains.

It is gratifying to note that our State contemporaries are beginning to let up on politics and devote more attention to anake stories. The anake officer of the Georgia papers have not done their duty this year, though it is possible that they have not been very well supplied with the antidote.—[Savanach News.

TOLSTOI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

REMARKABLE INTROSPECTIVE WORK.

CHII DHOOD, BOYHOOD, YOUTH. By COUNT LYOF
N. TOLSTOI. Translated from the Russian by Isanet.
F. HAPOOOD. 12mo. pp. 381. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
These memoirs were not put forward by the author as embodying his own experience, but it is
understool that the understool that they are really autobiographical in the main, though the names of the people introduced are fictitious, and probably some of the incidents are imaginary. That they were intended to and do illustrate the childhood, boyhood and youth of Count Tolstol himself there can be no doubt, for even had such representations occurred in a confessed work of fiction they must have been the resuit of self-analysis, just as the description of David Copperfield's boyhood is in fact a reproduction of the early life of Charles Dickens. It is evident that Count Torstoi was always given to introspective musings. He was always a homely boy, and his tack of personal beauty was realized by him soon, and had a marked effect upon his character. His mother once told him that since he was not hand some he must be good, and the remark sank deep into his heart, and in due time bore fruit.

His strong and unrained imagination shown in the records of his earlier years. Though a healthy lad he was full of strange reflections, fond of meditation, and much given, as perhaps most boys are, to inventing all kinds of enterprises and adventures for the future. His record of childhood is very full and minute; perhaps too much so to be natural; for when the grown man tries to relieve his young life it is impossible for him to produce again in their original freshness and naivete the strange thoughts and conceptions which make of childhood an existence so far apart from that of maturity. In all such cases the temptation to interpret dim recollections by after experience is nearly irresistible, but it has seldom been more successfully avoided than by Count Telstoi. Here is a enriously faithful picture of one of the oldest phases of childish mental development. The children are going to play some games, and Volodya, the elder brother, who is ontgrowing that kind of amusement, spoils the fun by injecting a matter-offact spirit into the business:

Volodya was evidently putting on airs: it must Volodya was evidently putting on airs: it must have been because he was proud of faving ridden the hunter, and he feigned to be very much fatigned. Possibly also, he had too much sound sense, and too little force of imagination, to fully enjoy a game of Robinson. This game consisted in acting a scene from the "Robinson Suisse," which we had read not long before

a scene from the "Robinson Suisse," which we had read not long before.

"Now, please ... why won't you do this to please us "persisted the girls. "You shall be Charles or Ernest or the father, whichever you like," said Katenka, trying to pull him from the ground by the sleeves of his jacket.

"I really don't want to; it's tiresome," said Volodya, stretching himself and smiling in a self-

"It's better to stay at home if nebody wants to

play," declared Liabofchka through her tears.
She was a horrible cry-baby.

*Come along then; only please don't cry. I
can't stand it." She was a horrible cry-baby.

*Come along then; only please don't cry. I can't stand it.

Volodya's condescension afforded us but very little satisfaction; on the contrary, his bered and lay look destroyed all the illusion of the play. When we sat down on the ground, and, imagining that we were setting out on a fishing expedition, began to row with all our might, Volodya sat with folded hands and in an attitude which had nothing in common with the attitude of a fisherman. I remarked on this to him; but he retorted that we should gain nothing and do no good by either a greater or less flourish of hands, and should not travel any turther. I involuntarily agreed with him. When I made believe go hunting with a stick on my shoulder, and took my way to the woods, Volodya lay down flat on his back, with his lands under his head, and said it was all the same as though he went too. Such speeches and behavior cooled us toward this game, and were extremely unnleasant; the more so, as it was impossible not to admit in one's own mind that Volodya was behaving sensibly.

I knew myself that not only could I not kill a bird with my stick, but that it was impossible to fire it off. That was what the game consisted in. If you judge things in that fashion, then it is impossible to ride on chairs; but, thought I, Volodya himself must remember how, on long winter evenings, we covered an armethair with a cloth, and made a calash out of it, while one mounted as couch mad, the other as footman, and the gris sat in

As I now recall my impressions, I find that that As I now recall my impressions, I find that that moment of self-torgefulness was the only one of genuine grief. Before and after the burial, I never ceased to weep, and was sad; but it puts me to shame to recall that salness, because a leching of self-love was always mingled with it; at one time a desire to show that I was more sorry than anybody eise; again, solicitude as to the impression which I was producing upon others; at another time, an almesse curiosity which caused me to make observations upon Mimi's cap and the faces of those present. I despised myself, because the feeling I experienced was not exclusively one of sorrow, and I tried to conceal all others; for this reason my regret was insincere and unnatural. Moreover, I experienced a sort of pleasure in knowing that I was unhappiness; and this contactal feeling, more than all the rest, stiffed genuine grief within me.

Of course a grief which does not interfere with

Of course a grief which does not interfere with close observation of what is going on cannot be very profound, but the grief of children is seldem profound, and its superficiality is one of Nature's means of self-protection. Count Toistoi, however, must always have been rather morbidly self-conscious. He seems to have been no more than eleven or twelve years old when he began to question his inner self, and though his communings do not reveal any remarkable intellectual development, the ful ness with which they are recorded, and their resem blance to those through which the majority of commonly bright children have passed, give them an abiding interest. He seems to have fived an innocent and for the most part wholesome childhood and boyhood. Jealousy of his brother, dislike of one of his tutors, a faint penchant for a pretty chambermaid, and studies of his father and grandmother, fill up this period. He was not a studious lad, being too dreamy to apply himself. He was healthily self-conceited, apt to do absurd things under excitement and the stimulus of variety, and very sensitive to the ridicule which such follies entailed upon him.

A desire to be good in a vague way had a strong

hold upon him as he passed into youth from boyhood, and not once but several times he drew up long rules and regulations for hunself, having adopted which he was never to commit sin again, Of course the rules of life somehow failed to get adopted. Sometimes he was discouraged by finding that he had begun to violate them even before they were formally registered. Sometimes they into obtivion. He was full of faith in erclesiasticism at this time, and having on one occasion omitted something in confession he sat up all night that he might go with the earliest dawn to the monastery and confess again. He sets down everything with painstaking minuteness, Everything, that is to say, which will bear setting down. It is evident that when he and one of his young university friends made a compact to tell ach other all their thoughts, and kept to the agreement for a couple of years, interchanges were made which could not be reproduced by such an autobiographer as Tolstoi, though such a writer as Jean Jacques Rousseau would certainly not have

esitated to record every one of them. This full confidence, however, did not prevent the bosom-friends from quarrelling, and when they both became angry the things they had told one another were too tempting weapons not to be brought into employment, naturally with disastrous effect on both sides. The memoirs only carry us as far as the author's arrival on the threshhold of active life, which is to say that they cease at a most interesting point. It is said that Count Tolstoi, has some thought of completing them, though his latest development appears to render this not very probable. They are extremely interesting however, for they show the beginnings of self-inquiry in a strong and original mind. That touch of melancholy which is to be found in the

reflections of all genuine souls that have pene trated the mystery of life as far as finite intelligence can go, and have returned baffled from the quest of truth, is seen in all the great Russian's literary work, and nowhere more than in this book. It is distinguishable from the national tone of sadness which pervades Russian literature, and which may be interpreted as the expression of the

racial aspirations, checked and thwarted by centuries of despotism and misgovernment.

NOTES FROM BERLIN,

MENZEL'S NEW HONOR-LISZT-SEMBRICH'S TRIUMPHS. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Adolph Menzel, the celebrated artist, who upon the death of Ranke was elected chancelior of the order "Pour le metite." is the sixth such officer of that institution. Some of the grandest names in the sombre black of the members of the convoca-German literature and science have stood at its head. At its foundation in 1842, Alexander von Humboldt and Peter von Cornelius were honored with the highest offices. After von Humboldt's de-cease in 1859 Frederick Karl von Savigny was appointed to fill his place, Corne'ius retaining the vice-chancellorship, but succeeding to the seniority upon Savigny's demise. August Bockh, the celebrated Latinist and father of the present noted statistician, succeeded him in 1865, Leopold von Ranke becoming vice-chancellor. Bookh remained in office two years, when Ranke was promoted to the vacant dignity, the celebrated meteorologist Henry William Dove becoming his associate. Dove lived but a short time and was replaced in the lists by Adolph Menzel, who now in turn has followed Ranke. Ranke, who for nineteen years held his high office, was particularly proud of the honor. No distinction save his professorship in the University and his title of Excellency gave him so much pleasure. The noted scientist who at the time of the order's foundation was preparing himself as an army surgeon, Hermann von Helmholtz, has been given the place at Menzel's side. Menzel celebrated his seventieth birthday last summer and was the recipient of marked respect from his fellow-citizens, and especial distinction on the part of the Emperor himself. His paintings have the most prominent place on the walls of the exhibition which for a month past has been the cynosure of all artistic eyes in Europe. Von Helmholtz it is needless to mention. He has created a new epoch, it has been truly said, in every branch of learning to which he has turned his attention.

The first knights of this order were nominated by Frederick William III. in 1842, but since that time the members have chosen their own associates, the King wielding the power of veto, which, however, has never yet been exercised. The officers are elected from the list of knights. Prince Bismarck is debarred from the chancellorship of the order because he has never been knighted, it being the only Prussian decoration he has never received, a singular proof of its value and exclusiveness. The ma jority of the members have been scientific men or philologists. Theologians are excluded, though the chief of the Tubingen school, Edward Zeller, on account of his deserts as Professor of Philosophy, has become one of its most active members. In the forty-four years of its history only three German philosophers -- Schilling, Treadelenburg and Zeller,-five historians-Ranke, Raumer, Mommsen, Sybel and Waitz,-three jurists-Savigny, Eichhorn and Mittermaier,-and a single political economist-Franz von Hermann,-have received the "Pour le Merite."

The reports which have circulated that Franz Liszt was not expected to live are untrue. After his visits to London and Paris he returned to ventures happened on the way! and how merrily and swiftly the winter evenings passed! Judging by the present standard, there would be no games. And if there are no games, what is left?

The description of his mether's death and funeral is clearly in no way fictitious, and here again the self-analysis is very suggestive and carious. He goes into the room where his mother lies, and

his role in the Bayreuth representations. Up to that time his doing so had been decidedly uncer-tain, but owing to her persuasive powers Winckel-mann witherew his refusal. Fran Materna also decided finally to take the part assigned her.

decided finally to take the part assigned her.

Seldom has Berlin been in such furore of excitement over an artist as for her who last week ended her engagement in Kryll's Theatre—Marcella Sembrich. Night after night of her seven weeks engagement the spacious house was crowded, every sent occupied, and every inch of standing-room taken. The bright fare and rich tones of the singer simply be witched the public. Sembrich is, as all know, a millionaire. But that does not disentitle her to great praise for the generosity she has shown toward different institutions in Berlin. After her appearance in the Royal Opera House by especial request of the Emperor, she gave 2,000 marks for benevolent purposes and 4,200 marks to the Berlin request of the Emperor, she gave 2,000 marks for benevolent purposes and 4,200 marks to the Berlin benevolent purposes and 4,200 marks to the Berlin Press Association. Not satisfied with these gifts, she gave the orchestra and chorus of Kroll's Theatre a further 1,000 marks. She has made with Herr Pollini, the director of the Hamburg Theatre, an engagement for sixty representations for the respectable sum of 240,000 marks, or 4,000 for each appearance. The contract dates from October 15 and runs till April 1, 1887, the eirent including the principal cities of Europe. Independent of this she is engaged for six nights in December, on the same terms, for the Royal Berlin Opera. Pollini has also proposed a tour in America tor the winter of 1887, offering Sembrich 400,000 francs for fifty nights. As yet she has not decided to accept the latter proposition.

CHARLES LAMB.

From Temple Har.

A small spare man, close gattered to the knee,
In suit of rusty black whose folds betray
The last loved dusty folio, bought to-day,
And carried proudly to the sanctiary
Of home (and Mary's) keeping. Quality wise
In saws and knowledge of a bygone age,
Each old-world fancy on a yellowed page,
Tracked by the "smoky-brightness" of his eyes,
Shone new-illumined; or in daring flight
That outvied Ariel, his spirit caught
The refex of a rainow cloud, and taught
The glories of a Dreamland of delight!
A haunter of the bookstalls! Even now
We listen for the eager stammering speech
That cleuched a happy bargain,—think to reach
And class those nervous flingers—watch the brow
Grow lined with trouble at another's pain
His large-souled sympathies had made his own,
Or lineer till the bitterness had flown
And low-toned laughter proved him bright again.
This man's identity, so sweet, so clear,
Could never die with death. We do not say
"I should have loved him had the self-same day
But found us living," but "I hold him dear
Now, at this moment;" and if patient ears,
Wrapped in God's silence, dunly now and then
Catch echoes of the grateful love of men.
Charles Lamb rests happily thro' all these years.

There sombre fir-trees raise aspiring heads, Cut down the trees, oh man! and drain the pool,

THE WANDERER'S RETURN. "How cold upon my passion blows the wind,
Over the old sweet fields—so sweet, that I
Could wander more, yet for all memory
Not sweet cough. Beloved, ah! have I sinned,
That all but these dumb fields look so unkind,
And I, without e'en one familiar face,
Must see the darkness in the sunny place,
And set my feet here, wandering still in mind!"

Then glancing up, if heaven might look sweet Upon his sorrow, one bright star he spled. But, as he gazed, his hungry eyes grew dim, And the star seemed so many worlds from him Heart sick, he turned; and in the pool beside Lo I the same star was shining at his feet.

MEMORY.

Pron The Athendeum.
O camp of flowers, with poplars girdled round,
The guardians of life's actt and purple bud I
O salvet apring, beside whose brimains flood
My dreaming childhood its Liysiam found!
O happy hours with love and fancy crowned,
Whose horn of plenty flatterinely subdued
My heart into a trance, whence, with a rude
And horrid blast, fate came to my soul to hound
Who was the goddeas who empowered you all
Thus to bewitch me! Out of wasting snow
And lity-leaves her headdress should be ma
Weep, my poor lute! I nor on Astras call.
She will not smile, nor I, who moure below,
Till I, a shade in heaven, clasp her, a shade.

AN OXFORD GALA-DAY.

SKETCHED BY THE PRESIDENT OF HAVER-FORD COLLEGE.

JOHN BRIGHT, HENRY IRVING, AND OLIVER WEN-DELL HOLMES-LIBERAL TENDENCIES AT OF

Thirty-one years ago I attended the Commemora tion at Oxford, and yesterday I was again present at the Encenia in the Sheldonian Theatre, The outward aspect of the pageant has little changed. There were the same shouting students in the gallery almost as vociferous as of old, in spite of the sprinkling of ladies among them which the done have introduced as a check to their license. Oftensive personalities were indeed less frequent; and se also it must be confessed was wit. The same brilltion and (distinguished strangers who stood pa-tiently on the crowded floor. The same splendidly robed procession of heads of houses and doctors escorted the new candidates for the highest honor of the University from the hall of Balliol College, where they met the Vice-Chancellor. The same Latin formulæ were used by the Vice-Chanceller, with the same English pronunciation, which was also used by the reciters of the prize Latin verses and Latin essay, with this difference only that the quantity of every syllable, as well as that of the penult, was observed. One felt that the same University was holding high festival that has held it for centuries past; and yet two startling Incidents proved that great changes had come about in the last thirty years.

In the Commemoration of 1855 the name of John Bright was received with a perfect storm of hisses, repeated again and again. It was evident then that he was the man best hated by the gilded youth of England. In the Commemoration of 1886 John Bright was the guest whom all most delighted to honor, the recipient of most frequent and loud applause, and the lion of the day. The other incident which, in connection with Mr. Irving's address a few evenings before, marked a great change, was the recitation of a prize easily on "The Influence of the Theatre on Life and Character," in which, while the verdict passed upon the theatre was on the whole unfavorable, and it was asserted that "the quantity of pure and harmless enjoyment which a man obtains from it is in an almost inverse ratio to the number of his visits," the writer ended with the words: "We may look forward, with that intense longing that may avail in some degree to hasten its own realization, to a nation in waich idleness and the dulness and thirst for excitement that are born of idleness are well-nigh unknown, a nation in which all classes take their own rightful snare of labor, all enjoy and are capable of using wisely a rightful share of recreation. In such a nation a purified and elevated theatre would find its place as the minister of innocent amusement and the honorable servant of the arts that ennoble the life of man." It was gratifying to notice how heartily and unanimously the students applanded every expression like this: " The drama should be free from every taint of vulgarity or coarseness." The degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon Lord

Herschell, the Lord High Chancellor; John Bright, Sir Frederick Joseph Bramwell, the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Major-General Pitt-Rivers, P. R. S.; Dr. Oliver Wendelt Holmes, William Addis Wright, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, a fine English scholar, and secretary of the company of revisers of the translation of the Old Testament; and Thomas Hougkin, author of "Italy and her Invaders," and editor of "Cassiodorns." Like Mr. Bright, Mr. Hodgkin is a member of the Society of Friends, and he is moreover a minister in that body. Amidst the cheers for Bright, on his first appearance in the theatre, his exit, and his going up and coming down from receiving his degree, the frequent cry o "Union!" "Union!" denoted the nearly unanimous feeling of Oxford on the great question of the day. Doubtless this political feeling greatly heightened the warmth of his reception. And yet I think that at any time within the last ten years Oxford would have givenhim generous applause, for the qualities so justly indicated in Latin phrases by the Professor of International Law as he presented him for the degree; the purity of his diction, the loftiness and classic directly of his cloquence, the spotlessness of his life, his patriotism, his philanthropy, and goes into the room where his mether lies, and stands on a chair so that he can lock down into the coffin. He describes the feelings which he experienced, and then:

The door creaked, a dyachok entered the room to relieve the other. This noise regised mer and the aspect of the grand old man, still little impaired by the increasing feebleness of his old age. Dr. Helmes's reception was also enthusiastic and cordial, and his literary merits were warmly extelled by his introducer. "Did he come up in the one-hoss shay?" was shouted from the undergra hates' gallery. The Lord Chanceller, also, was warmly applicated, and all the other new doctors had a kindly reception. Perhaps the wittiest thing shouted from the gallery was "Non causa," when Vice-Chanceller Jowett declared that he conferred the degree of doctor upon General Fitt-Rivers "honoris causa," Witty rather than just; for it implied that he owed his degree not to his merit but to the valuable donation he has just given to the University of an extensive collection of primitive relics illustrating the development and history of civilization; whereas he is undoubtedly entitled to the degree for his learning and ability, although his gift farmished the occasion for his reception aspect of the grand old man, still little impaired

of it.

As I have already said, the horseplay in the gallery was less witty than sometimes. Dr. Jowett was admonished to "speak up like a man"; encouraged by the cry "that's better"; and warned not to be "imitating Irving." Mr. Palgrave and the prize essayists were interrupted by all kinds of slang; and the English poem aione was received with tolerably respectful attention. "He's swallowed a dictionary!" some one cried at the end of an elaborate period of the Englishessayist. "I hrow away that yellow flower!" was shouted for some ten minutes, before the exercises began, to a gentleman in the area, who at last obeyed the command. Lord Kandolph Charchul's name was greeted with loud cheers and some groans; Mr. Ghadstones with many groans and a few cheers. The Prince and Princess Christian, who sat on the stage, were warmiy applauded.

Oxford has been musually gay in Commemoration week this year. Besides the promenade on Show Sanday, and the procession of the boats, and the flower show, and the usual brooke balls, there have been several balls every evening and several concerts at different colleges, and boating and plonic parties galore. Another event has been the opening of a theatre, whither undergraduates and their young lady sisters and cousins and friends have gone without let or hindrance, and where a play written for the occasion, "A Girl Graduate, an Idyll of Commem," inculcates the lesson that love will triumph over all resolves to lead a life of study in monastic or conventual seclusion.

The iteense given to students to attend the theatre, formerly one of the gravest of offences, is of a piece with the warm reception given to Mr. Irving when he lectured upon the drama last Saturday at the Examination School, at the invitation of the Vice-Chancellor. Perhaps a more startling innovation in Oxford ways was exemplified at the concert in the Hall of Baltiol on Sunday evening, when songs from Shakespeare were sung in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor and other dons, and the Bishop of Ripon, as well as Mr. of it. As I have already said, the horseplay in the gal-

their ascendancy over the lower classes." The old Oxford was looking with great distrust and apprehension upon the introduction of modern studies. Gentiem anliness, true scholarship, sound political views, and religion, were all regarded as in danger. These evil forebodings have been in part realized, and yet in such a way as to leave classical scholars and churchmen tolerably well content. There are agnostics among the professors and students; but Mr. Gladstone int the truth when ne said here a few days ago to an old triend: "There are ten times as many atheists and agnostics in Oxford to-day as there were when I was a student, but on the other hand there are twenty times as many persons in the University who are devout and earnest seekers after truth." Insidelity is at times, somewhat loud, but the churches are more prosperous than even Classical scholars, too, admit cheerfully the advantages of scientific study, while they congratuate themselves on the new life which has recently been put into philological and literary studies in England, and that Greek and Latin are still required for degrees. There are croakers among some of the older men, but most are content with the spirit of the age, and confident that studies which the experience of ages has proved to be fruitful of the soundest culture will never be negicieted.

"Here is a list of books to take to the most sesside," remarked Mr. Snooper, looking appaper, and they have actually omitted the portant book of all."

"What book have they omitted?" asked Mrs.

"The pocketbook."—Pitteburg Chronicle-Teil